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A Fragment from Catullus

By George Santayana '82

O misero frater adempte mihi, etc.

You, brother, snatched, and I bereft,
My whole life crushed, no drop of
sweetness left,
My whole soul buried in your grave,
My soul that lived but by the love
you gave!

All my life's pleasures, with you dead,
My studies all, my joy in all is fled.
Why speak, why? I am not heard.

Your sweet voice, brother, answers not
a word.

Never till death, never that face again,
Never that smile: yet love shall still
remain.



THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

The Boston of the Future

By Hon. John F. Fitzgerald '84

We have heard much of late about the Boston of the past. Writers of magazine articles are heaping pity on Boston. They refer to it as the place of the "ebb tide," the city which was great and is great no more. Their conclusions are not true. Boston *is* a great city and it will reassert itself.

The future of Boston no less than its past should be in the minds of all her schoolboys. Conscious of a great past we must set our faces to the future. If we have serious problems we must prove ourselves by solving them. To you in particular, Boys of the Boston Latin School, these things should be of interest. You are students of a school which has great traditions. The Boston Latin School is one of the oldest and one of the finest schools on the American Continent. It has always required real work. You cannot be listless and qualify for its diploma. You must have the energy of study.

In all the elements that go to make up success is there one quite so important as energy? It was energy that made Boston great. It was energy that sent her ships to every port in the known world. It was energy that gave her industrial supremacy. That she has declined in shipping is largely due to artificial barriers that have been set up against the Port of Boston by the United States Government, its isolation inflicted on New England through man-

ipulation of railroads by the New York money power. That Boston has declined in industry is due in part to the competition of newer parts of the country (not a strange phenomenon) and in part to overprudence which came late in life upon many of the men who were responsible for her success. They themselves had had vision and energy but they would not believe that those great qualities could exist also in their sons. Instead of leaving their fortunes unfettered they established trusts for their descendants. The money that should have given blood to our industries was put out at interest. Twice a year the income was paid out to maintain these descendants in comfort and to destroy their vision and courage for great enterprise.

But we are facing a new day. The young men of Boston and New England will not be put down. They will not be told that they are back numbers. Out of their energies they will build a new success that will rival that of the past and make the name of Boston once again a magic word.

In forty years we have seen some wonderful things, the advent and in some degree the passing of the electric car, the building of subways, the adaptation of the telephone to commercial use, the application of electricity to all sorts of devices for domestic service, the production of the automobile, the sub-

marine, and greatest of all, the airplane.

In a few years travel by air will be a common thing. Thousands of air-planes will carry passengers and commodities from one city to another. Merchants will transfer their goods by air in one-tenth of the time it now takes by rail and water. Airplanes have been developed and are still being developed for useful carrying purposes. They have very definite limitations as to weight and power but within their capabilities they will exert an untold influence. Dead weights have been taken out of engines and a greater maximum of load, commensurate with power, has been achieved.

Let the boys of the Boston Latin School be awake to the possibilities of this new development. I thoroughly believe in what Colonel Lindbergh said here a few weeks ago that a course in aeronautics should be made part of the curriculum of our public schools and available to those who may be interested. What an object lesson the recent journey of this great flier through Central and South America has been. In some of the countries he visited an airplane had never landed before. To the people of those countries his coming gave a new sense of nearness to the rest of the world. His advent marked the beginning of a better understanding and an increased friendship for the United States of North America.

The trade of most of the Central and South American countries has been captured by Europe and is carried on in ships of European register. But airplanes can negotiate the distances between our cities and those of South America in one-third of the time. The airplane does not lend itself to trans-oceanic flight for commercial purposes. Its cruising range must of necessity be of shorter distances and along routes where refuelling and mechanical service is readily available.

The era of airplane merchandising will come. The community that builds the best airports and gives the right training to its young men and teaches them the languages necessary to trade will carry off the prize of airplane merchandising.

There can be no artificial barriers built up against this new invention. Boston boys who are ambitious to get into business should be alert for these new opportunities. The development of this trade would require not only pilots and mechanical men but it would require the services of men producing in all lines of industry. It would reach back and spread out and bring prosperity to all New England and to all her industries.

Here in New England we have facilities to supply a vast and varied commerce. To start with, we have wonderful man power. We have a climate admirable for workers. We have schools and colleges second to none. For those who cannot attend school by day we have night courses covering almost every department of human knowledge. No one is without the means of self improvement. We can produce textiles, clothing, shoes, hats, chemicals, drugs, paper, books, jewelry, machinery, engines, scientific instruments, tools and a host of other things which are needed in every civilized community.

The boys of Boston and New England have energy and courage. They have sound character. They have the honesty and good sense that are traditional here in New England. It has been a sad commentary on us that so many of our clear-minded and alert young men have had to leave these parts in order to make a successful living. They have been drawn as if by a magnet to other cities and they have contributed immeasurably to the success of those communities. The possibilities of the airplane provide Boston with an op-

portunity to free itself from the bonds which have drawn it down. If we seize it we will be able to keep such men at home and they will also enrich the life of New England.

Business is not the only thing in life, but it is one of the great things. There is glory in it. It goes to build up contentment. It means good homes and a

good standard of living. It makes prosperous, and clean, and progressive cities and towns. It calls for men who will not be strangled by it but who will control it and who will remain human and helpful to their brothers. In this spirit may the young men of Boston rise up equipped and capable to meet the opportunities of this new day.

Ibsen to O'Neill

By E. Bradlee Watson '98

How good those posters used to look. You would laugh at them now. On our way from the railway to school we would see on the boards of the Grand Opera House the colossal portrait of James O'Neill—father of Eugene—posed as Virginius ready to kill the dutiful Virginia. At the bright new Castle Square were displayed posters of Robin Hood when DeKoven was a great American hope. His foresters in immaculate green and buckskin caught us as in a spell. At the Hollis Street Julia Marlowe and the now forgotten Tabor appeared in the grace and beauty of *Romeo and Juliet* and *As You Like It*. Yes, and the towering Ada Rehan, in the rich red upholstery of Katherina was next week to be foiled by the jocosely terrible John Drew as Petruchio in the same theatre. Many pleasant hours the posters allured us to in those days of my Latin School innocence, 1894 to 1898.

Already Mrs. Fiske was upsetting our dramatic faith with her Nora in the *Doll's House*. The sacrilege was indicated in the posters. Her profile, chin raised and hair circling low over eyes from which a mind seemed to leap gave us the first thrill of the "intellectual" and "sophisticated" in drama. A cleavage was already being made. The unified public that had crowded to see Booth and Barrett, Irving and Terry, Francis Wilson in *Erminie*, Weber and Fields in burlesque—the same public always with one mind and one standard

of enjoyment was being divided as by a wedge. It was the beginning of the breakup into the innumerable mind groups that mark the theatre of to-day—for some the Repertory, for some the Copley, for some the Vanities, for some the Barn.

How well I recall my first matinee at the *Doll's House*. I went like a sneak-thief against my parents' wishes. It is perhaps hard for you to think of Ibsen as a dangerous author in this year that marks a century of his life and influence. After I had recovered from my disappointment in this respect, I was soon in the grip of a new and better interest. There was in the play a fresh manner, made doubly significant by Mrs. Fiske's revolutionary acting—broken phrasing, pointless chatter, informal attitudes—even back-to-audience stage positions—and curtains without drum beats or flare. There was genuine art in all this that claimed me. I remember my immense pride in my superior judgment as I heard two chocolate-eating members of the old dramatic fold, remark as they hurried to catch the horse car on Tremont Street, "Did you ever see anything so flat?" Here was none of the old declamation of O'Neill that we had tried to imitate on the Latin School platform. Truth seemed to be releasing a new mental energy in the theatre, sweeping away the old artifices that never again could quite please us converts.

In Europe, where I spent several years after school and college this new religion was strengthened in me. In every city I visited I saw more and more Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Becque, deCurel, Hervieu, Maeterlinck, all blended with the revolutionary fire of Wagner.

Then came that great evening at the Colonial. *Man and Superman* was playing with Robert Lorraine as Tanner. I had just returned from the Near East. There Shaw was only a name. No book of his had reached that end of the Mediterranean. His reputation for socialistic revolt, indecency, and conceit was, of course, familiar, and sufficiently alluring, and it drew me that September evening in 1905 to the Colonial. You who have perhaps been brought up on the Shavian religion can hardly conceive how I was dazzled by the power of mind that flashed over the footlights, opening to me a new chapter of life as well as a new realm of drama. The full-blown drama of discussion burst upon me without any of those intermediate steps of preparation by reading that others may have taken. The effect was correspondingly intense. The greatest dialectician since Socrates and Plato was at work on me; my surrender was complete. Almost at once the realism I still believed was greater art, became almost vapid and tasteless by comparison. Something torrential was forcing a new channel through old dramatic forms which were left distorted like debris along a river's banks after a flood. In *Candida*, for instance, we have the old triangle play of the well-made variety with a happy ending of the *bon sens* school, but a new accent was given to the old rhythms, until we forgot almost that they are there. The old time melodrama creaked through *The Devil's Disciple*—persecuted innocents, hero stuff, hard-

heart, and a last moment rescue from the gallows, but what was once the villain is now the hero, and all values change place accordingly. Even the Greek drama claimed Shaw when he wrote *Getting Married* because, said he, it "is inevitable when drama reaches a certain point in poetic and intellectual evolution." Ibsenesque logic held *Pygmalion* relentlessly to an inconclusive ending. Most congenial to the Shavian pranks, however, was the episode play of masque and pageant—*Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Androcles and the Lion*, *Back to Methuselah*, and *Saint Joan*, for in these looser forms a discussion can run endlessly and free. And discussion, in Shaw's theory of drama, is the only excuse for its continuance for people who think.

In a lecture before the Fabian Society in 1911 Shaw defined his dramatic code. Theatre-goers he divided into three groups: those who believe what they see on the stage to be real—that is, children or imbeciles; those who know better, but who try to imagine it to be real—these are the fools who make possible the inanities of the well-made play: and finally that small group since on the increase, of those who find in the theatre the highest form of amusement, because it makes possible the presentation of the issues of life in terms of character and action, no longer considered as real, but merely illustrative and vivifying beyond the possibilities of any other art. Whether we submit to Shaw's rationalizing or not, we must concede the creation of such a public, largely the result of Shaw's plays, prefaces, and personality. It has grown from the small circle of the Independent Theatre of London in 1892 to the worldwide groups of the elect that have made possible, for instance, such enterprises as the Theatre Guild, which because of that enlarged public could succeed in

our present decade, although the same enterprise in the guise of the New Theatre ten years previously had failed ignominiously in spite of wealth and a stately endowed play house—now the Century.

What new form or new idea has Shaw left us? None. Only a new emphasis and, better yet, a new spirit of dramatic liberty. Form, indeed, has meant little or nothing to Shaw, although at moments he reveals himself as the instinctive artist of intuitive genius capable, let us say, of the sixth episode of *Saint Joan* or the death of Dubedat. Artist or no artist, Shaw has rendered our theatres immune to the plagues of movie and cabaret, to which most certainly they would have succumbed. As Mr. Winthrop Ames said in a recent dinner to Professor Baker, movies have, in spite of prediction to the contrary, proved to be the salvation of the stage. By making it hopeless in the competition of pomp and spectacle they have thrown it back on its only lasting resource—human speech and thought such as only direct speech can reveal. But what would our theatre have had to fall back on without Shaw? Even Ibsen lacked Shaw's power to entertain as with surer artistry he infused thought into life and life into thought.

Perhaps Shaw's indifference to form was the very influence necessary for the most recent step taken in our theatre away from the time-honored but dulling theatrical conventions. Now that even his brilliant logical fanfare is growing wearisome to our easily bored age, his formlessness which we considered his blemish has become his most suggestive contribution to progress. No longer to the Ibsen of individualistic logic or to Shaw with his socialistic panaceas, but to the overlooked genius who revolted against faith in ideas and especially Ibsen's idealization of woman—to Strind-

berg, in fact, has our theatre looked back for its latest inspiration. For it was he who first brought into the motivation of dramatic action the changing and intangible moods and character phases hitherto sunk too deep for theatre consciousness, except as now and then a titan had puzzled the world by suggesting them as did Shakespeare in *Hamlet*. With Strindberg it became possible to draw a character who said nothing at all on the stage and yet became powerful beyond the possibility of words. O'Neill typifies for us this last phase of the post-Ibsen revolt, as Kaiser and Toller lead it in Germany. With them that nebulous principle called expressionism is gaining converts. This year of the Ibsen centenary marks in our theatre the first decisive triumph of this last dramatic method, for the Guild is doing *Marco Millions* and *The Strange Interlude* with a success that exceeds even the great expectations of O'Neill's votaries. What we hear on the stage no longer counts except as an accompaniment to the deeper drama played in the mind, and serves merely to suggest and symbolize that drama, unless, as in *The Strange Interlude*, the repressed thoughts and feelings pour themselves out in asides, with the return of which, we have gone more than the complete circle back to the pre-Ibsen stage. Otherwise the mask or the fantastic scenic jargon such as we have recently seen in *The Adding Machine* must eke out the insufficiency of speech.

Yet Eugene O'Neill is the son of the man whose *Virginius* and *Monte Cristo* fired the Latin School boy of 1898. Such strides have been made in a single generation of play-goers—a period no longer than that which permitted only the changes in Elizabethan drama noticeable, let us say, from Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost* to Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

A live and absorbing interest glows in the drama of our age. Don't listen to those who would steal it from you. Hear rather what Shakespeare said of players—"They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time". Or catch the Ibsen accent, which should be that of every educated man.

"Everything I have written has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if it has not been my own personal experience; in every play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification—for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs."

Some Old Latin School Teachers

By David S. Muzzey '89

It was forty years ago last September that I crossed the common and the public gardens from the North Station and approached the imposing portals of the Boston Latin School a country lad coming to repair the deficiencies of the local high school course in preparation for the Harvard entrance examinations. The first thing that impressed me was the inscription over the door from Cicero's belated oration for the poet Archias: "Haec studie adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant" etc. Not having advanced in Latin beyond the laborious work of fastening the "tigna bina sesquipedalia" of Caesar's bridge across the Rhine, I was unfamiliar with Cicero's encomium of humanism; but when I had translated the sentence it became fixed in my memory, and it has been the first thing to come to my mind whenever I have thought of the Latin School during these forty years. Though at the time I may not have fully appreciated the first clause of Cicero's monition (substituting the basement lunch counter where eclaires and cocoa were sold for the "studia" pursued upstairs), I am now reaching the time of life when the truth of the second clause becomes clearer with every passing year. I felt very small and ignorant as I sat in the Head Master's office waiting to present my modest credentials, when the large grey haired man bowed over his desk should be ready to swing round and notice me. Moses Merrill I came to

learn was as warm hearted a man as ever lived; but his eye was piercing and his manner somewhat brusque, and I left the interview with the feeling that the school was not exactly waiting for my enrollment in order to begin the term's work. I was turned over to the French teacher to see into which class I would fit.

My inquisitor was "Cudjo" Capen, a mountain of a man, whose flesh seemed to surge toward his shoulders, on which was set a massive nervously nodding head. Tangled bushy eyebrows beetled over his stern brown eyes, and out of the rather mottled parchment of the face, a solid Roman nose stood guard over a firm thin-lipped mouth and an unrelenting jaw. Before I could compose myself for the ordeal he snapped out, "Give the principal parts of *etre*!" I knew them, if I'd had time to think; but while I was fumbling for them he snapped again, "Give the principal parts of *avoir*!" It was several days after I had been admitted to good and regular standing that I finally obliterated "Cudjo's" doubt of my qualifications in French by suggesting the translation "dingy" for "noiratre" in connection with a window, when the rest of the class couldn't seem to get away from "blackened" or "blackish" or at the best "darkened." Still, he always called me "Murphy" when he called on me to recite. "Cudjo" was an institution in the Latin School. On all festal occasions, such as Wash-

ton's birthday or the monthly oratorical contest, he would bustle up to the piano and "render (it was the word used in the program) national airs," with a swaying of the head and a rebound of the hands from the keys which put him unmistakably in the ranks of the virtuosos. In class he was inexorable—and boasted of it. When one of the bolder boys ventured to remonstrate that a more considerate (and hence more popular) teacher tempered the assignment in view of a holiday or a football game with the English High eleven, "Cudjo" invariably replied with complacent finality, "I treat you exactly as Mr. X. does; he does what he thinks best and *I* do what *I* think best." We were not so trained in Jevons' Logic to detect the fallacy.

"Cudjo's" repartee was silencing but not subtle. For the latter quality we had to wait until the chubby figure of Mr. Groce (whom I regret to say we called "Stuffy" Groce) came briskly into the classroom. "Stuffy" was the English teacher, and he specialized in composition rather than literature. He had a passion for prepositional and adverbial accuracy. He also had a thin exercise book filled with terrifying lists of sentences containing solecisms, barbarisms and non-sequiturs, which he would dictate to us for correction. Whatever degree of purism I have attained in the use of the English language I must confess I owe to this indefatigable emendator. He taught us to abhor expressions like "blame it on," "like he was," and "centre around" as we would abhor strong drink. He held us to the first law of Barrett Wendell's "Rhetoric," namely, clarity. Forcefulness and elegance were desirable, to be sure; but these qualities might well have to wait for a greater maturity of experience and appreciation of cul-

ture than a sixteen-year-old-boy was likely to have. Not to say what we did have to say, however, in clear and unmistakable language was unpardonable. "Stuffy" had a stock sentence of rebuke for the boy who wrote confusions and non-sequiturs. It was, "Speaking of bunions, how is your grandmother?" He might have found a more refined example: but perhaps it wouldn't have been so effective. If "Stuffy" was in this a bit vulgar, he was, to reverse the counsel of Polonius to Laertes, by no means familiar. A thin mask of sarcasm seemed to be spread over his innocently round face, and behind the permanent spectacles lurked a disillusioning Mephistophelian awareness of any juvenile spirit of wantonness.

The "Old Man" Emery taught us mathematics. He pounded down the hall on his crutch (for he was lame), his free hand and arm struggling to keep a sheaf of corrected papers from strewing the passage like Sibylline leaves, and burst into the classroom with a worried expression on his tawny face and a note of dire warning in his anxious voice. He was the most concerned of all the teachers about the fate of his boys when they should come up against the college examinations. At least, he showed the most concern about it. He kept the sword of Damocles suspended by a hair above our heads. "Boys!" was his explosive greeting, "boys! think of it—100 in the shade—only two hours—the time going—boys! think of it." He would "compel us to get in" to college, even if he had to appeal to the inquisition. Then sometimes, as if by a necessary rebound from the tension, he would go off into a jolly, care-free digression and grow quite chummy. "There, boys, I got my pay this morning, and I can teach better; it feels good in my pocket", or "You'd like my daughter, boys; she's a fine

girl." There was one thing that made Mr. Emery the most popular of all the teachers with the boys who stood at the head of the class in mathematics. Every month the scholar who led the class acted as a sort of teaching assistant, taking this place at the blackboard to draw the figures or write the equations (to spare the lame master from peripatetic demonstration), and being excused from recitation during his period of service.

The most beloved and honored of all the teachers, I believe, was Arthur I. Fiske, or "Fisky", who revealed to us the surpassing beauty and majesty of Homer. This man, as I look back through forty years, seems to me the best teacher that I ever had. It was not alone his evident mastery of his subject and his quiet but intense enthusiasm for it that made even the hardest boiled boy in the class ashamed to fail in a Greek recitation; much more it was the spirit of unfailing sympathy and even-handed justice which characterized his every dealing with the class. There was no problem of "discipline" in "Fisky's" room. Whatever the boys were at other times and in other places, they became young gentlemen in his presence. It would have been as impossible to "rag" him as to slap the President of the United States on the back. He simply expected you to be orderly, respectful and diligent—and you were. That is all there was to it. The most humiliated and ashamed boy I ever saw in the school was a fellow

who once drew a quiet reprimand from "Fisky". It was rather a distinction than a disgrace to be scolded by the other teachers. Furthermore, this wise man taught us much besides Greek. I remember going to him once with a returned paper to try to get my mark raised on a certain piece of translation. He looked it over carefully and said, "Now you'd have a stronger case asking for a raise on *this* part," pointing out an entirely different passage. I felt that his earnest desire was to give me a lesson in discrimination—with incidental improvement in my standing. Whether or not I got a higher mark I do not remember; but I well remember the lesson in judgement.

There were other teachers who stand out in my memory: Mr. Chadwick, who taught us Latin and who has recently gone to his rest, full of years and honor; Mr. Jackson, the accomplished gentleman who could write novels and teach physics at the same time. They have all, I fear, passed into the great beyond, unless, perhaps, Mr. Emery, from whom I heard a few years ago, is still directing his private school in California. And as I think of them now, with a gratitude which increases with the years, I wonder, if I and my associates in the class room are today doing as much for the mental and moral improvement of the coming generation as these devoted teachers did for their boys. *Qui doeti fuerint fulgebunt quasi splendor firmamentis!*



Depositis Libris, Vos Salutamus!

By Daniel J. Lyne '06

The Editors of the *Register* wrote me that as a Latin School boy of yesterday I might say something to you Latin School men of today in an article of given length, to be written immediately, and which might be "of one of four types: the reminiscent, the expository, the didactic, or a combination of any of these." I shall keep the word limit set; I am sending in this article immediately; but I cannot make it reminiscent, or expository, or didactic, or any three in combination. There is no point in reminiscing about a School which is every bit as good today as it has ever been; there is nothing left for us amateurs to expose in these days of Senatorial investigating committees; and if my memory of what it means to be didactic is correct, I would not regard it as healthy to be that way with a group of my own schoolmates, even though the years that separate me from those mates are twice as numerous as those which separate my youngest son from Latin School.

Seriously, I feel that we alumni should be apologetic rather than anything else to you who are in the School today. At every other period in our history, since this American Republic was conceived by the Declaration of Independence (ten percent of the signers of which had been students at Boston Latin), the pupils of the School have had the inspiration of knowing that the School's Alumni were numbered among the Republic's acknowledged leaders,—Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Robert Treat Paine, Charles Sumner, William M. Evarts, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Everett Hale. It is a fact as undeniable as it is regrettable that we alumni of today have not given you a man at

all comparable in worth-while prominence to any one of those sterling Americans of other generations whom I have just now mentioned. Perhaps we alumni may find a measure of justification in the admitted fact that the standard by which national prominence is measured has greatly changed in the brief period allotted for the playing of our parts in the outside world. Today the American measure of success appears to be the number of dollars which a man succeeds in getting into his possession, and national eminence appears to result from the possession of money rather than of talent.

We are not unmindful that this attempted justification is a two-edged sword: it may be that we alumni of today are part of the cause of such a standard rather than part of its effect. All that we alumni of the present generation ask of you, whose criticism alone we fear, is to remember that we had to go with our Latin School standard out into the morning of unalloyed commercialism. The strictly commercial standard of today is an unsatisfactory one,—it is not the traditional standard of our School. I am somewhat afraid that largely without realizing it we accepted the standard of the greater number of people with whom we came in contact. That we have not been national leaders in a field ruled by such a standard (the name of no very wealthy man who is a Latin School Alumnus occurs to me) is not surprising, for the Latin School never pretended to train a man for success in a field where the only measure of achievement was the number of dollars he might amass.

Every man fights for his own standard. We Latin School men of today urge you Latin School men of tomorrow

not to temporize, to make the standard of the School your own rather than to accept the standard of materialism. Unless those who hold to today's unsatisfactory standard of achievement can continue to make enough people stand with them, they cannot continue supreme. A Latin School diploma means what its alumni make it mean, no more, no less. Every alumnus who accepts its high standard as his own adds to its value. It would be better for you to fail to achieve prominence in

after-life under the standard of your School than to achieve apparent success under one that is lower; but there is really a splendid fighting chance for you to bring back the old standard of intellectual supremacy and thereby to give to the Latin School boys who will come after you the inspiration of new names held as high in the Nation's esteem as were the names of Latin School alumni of other generations.

We who have put aside the books salute you!

“Among My Souvenirs”

By Andrew R. McCormick '09

Edward Everett Hale said:

“To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back”, etc.

Surely he did not mean that a Latin School alumnus should not look back to the happy years that he spent at dear old B. L. S.! “By no means”, one of our old teachers would promptly agree with me. The writer does not find “a broken heart” among his souvenirs of Latin School days. Why should he? Was he not graduated with the best class, excepting that of '28, of course, which ever left or will leave the school? Our teachers told us that we were the worst, but everyone knows that teachers exaggerate a trifle at times.

Nineteen years ago this time, there were some sixty-five or seventy expectant seniors waiting anxiously for the day in June when they were to receive their sheepskins containing the signature of their beloved headmaster, Arthur I. Fiske. That was about the number in the graduating class, if memory serves aright. Mr Groce and Mr. Richardson were the home room teachers of the seniors of that time. “Tempus fugit” and this does not mean that it is fly time!

One of the necessary qualities of a good teacher is a keen, masterful personality. Many of our teachers had personality plus. Their task was much broader than merely imparting to us a knowledge of their subject. Some one said that a teacher should indoctrinate in us the facts of life through the medium of subjects and text books. Ours certainly accomplished that result. “Why study the classics?” some say; “Are they not dead issues?” It is surprising how many ideas of today, looked upon as modern date back to classical antiquity! Here I am sermonizing, a thing which I made up my mind not to do.

Tonight I am living over again the years 1905-1909. A few episodes stand out in my mind. Many of them are relatively unimportant but perhaps you will be interested to hear about a few of them.

Do any of you ever get a nice, round fruit known as a “plum”? Weren’t they considerate to serve nourishment to the body as well as to the mind? I know a boy who delighted his doting sister when he told her that he had received a plum for a recitation that he had given in school. She was proud of

her brother because of the work that he was doing. Imagine receiving plums as a little entree! She soon learned for what this mysterious object served as an entree. Your humble servant remembers receiving a double serving one bright Monday morning. It happened in the advanced Greek Class. We were translating from the "Memorabilia." Two or three boys were obliged to admit that they were unprepared when their names were called. A certain conceited youth thought that he could give a good sight translation of a difficult passage. He rose, began his translation, paused, looked at the sentence which seemed to become more and more involved, gazed weakly at the stern face of the teacher, admitted his lack of preparation, and slumped into his seat. "You have wasted valuable time," said a stentorian voice, "two zeros, one misdemeanor mark, and one hour after school"! Did the crushed pupil try that again?—"By no means."

Not long after this experience, another teacher proved to this same youth that Alexander Pope was right when he said that "A little knowledge is dangerous". The scene now changes to the English Class. The teacher is reading to the class some of the compositions that had been handed in to him. He starts to read one on Abraham Lincoln. Our youthful sight translator of Greek is swelling with pride. His work of art is being read to the class—"and how"! He thought when he wrote it that it was a choice morsel. As a matter of fact, it was a flowery piece of work containing many "jaw breakers." Before Mr.— reaches the end of the composition, the budding author is writhing in his seat. Happily for him, the teacher is kindhearted enough to let the composition remain anonymous. How vivid is the picture even to this day, of that teacher removing his glasses, placing

them on his desk, and saying while shaking his finger at the class, "Boys, let's call a fire a 'fire' and not a 'raging conflagration'!"

However, let us not remember our failings only, lest we develop an inferiority complex, whatever that may be. We had a kindly, scholarly old gentleman for a teacher of Latin. On very cold days he used to wear an overcoat and a sort of skull cap to protect a smooth uncovered surface. Yet no one ever thought much about this because we loved and revered the gentleman too much. One day, this teacher came quietly to the desk of the writer of this article and whispered in his ear that he was giving him an extra credit because he (the pupil) had discovered a mistake in the Latin text. Such little acts of appreciation and encouragement serve as leaven to the struggling pupil. This dear old gentleman used to say with a gleam and a twinkle in his eyes, "Boys, I'm tricky." Who was he? Ask your fathers or older brothers.

Then there was the drill. Pupils today do not have to worry as we did on prize drill day and parade day. We were decked out in blue coats and white duck trousers. We could not sit down all day for fear of soiling those trousers. We used to be furnished with a lunch on the Common. The refreshments consisted of sandwiches, a doughnut, a banana, and a brick of ice-cream. The ice-cream was so hard that there was no danger of decomposition for many an hour.

Speaking of ice-cream, one of my extra-curricular activities was to serve on the lunch counter during my senior year. One of my co-workers there was very fond of ice-cream. Almost any school day, just before the lunch period he could be seen running around the counter, with the lady in charge in hot pursuit, because he would persist in

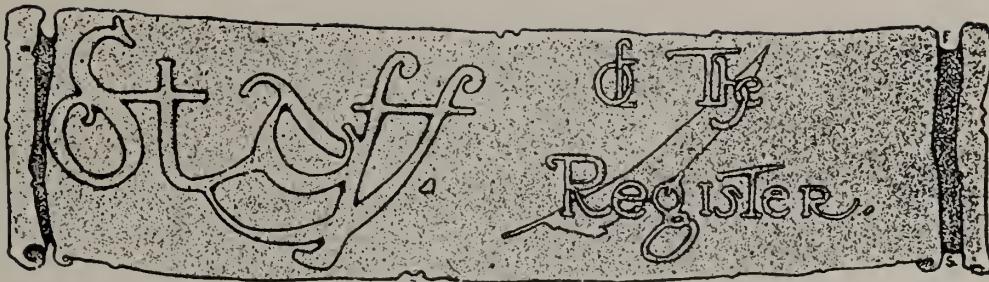
taking too large a scoop as his recompense for serving the boys. Strangely enough, only a few months ago, yours truly met this youth for the first time since 1909 in one of our downtown stores. What do you suppose the gentleman was doing? Eating ice-cream with evident relish! He could not run so fast today. Judging from his avoirdupois, he has been indulging in many a scoop of ice-cream since his Latin School days.

To reverse the process, let us go from the ridiculous to the sublime. I am thinking of a gentleman who taught us history. There he stands in his six feet plus, drilling us in the duties of the "Comitia curiata," "concilium tributum plebis", and all the rest of it.

What a pity that his arduous duties prevent the pupils of today from coming in contact with his personal magnetism as a class room teacher. He is a scholar and a true gentleman. He possesses an ever ready wit and an all expansive smile. He spreads joy and happiness wherever he is.

What has the Public Latin School done for one humble alumnus? It has taught him the joy of true learning and culture. It has instilled in him sound principles for right living. Specifically, it has ingrained in him, through the classic languages, a love for modern languages, which has enabled him to read and enjoy the European literatures and to live among the European people with sympathy and understanding





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THE ALUMNI NUMBER

The subject of the greater number of articles by the distinguished contributors to this year's Alumni Number is the Latin School itself—the Latin School of the seventies, of the eighties, of happy memories. We consider that this choice of subjects is particularly felicitous, especially in view of the almost incredible ignorance of this generation of Latin School boys concerning the school of the past—the school of Cheever and Lovell and Gould and Gardner and Fiske. It is for the purpose of vanquishing this ignorance that the memorabilia department was instituted and we sincerely hope that the present number will have a parallel effect.

May we take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the gentlemen who have so generously given of their time to send their respective messages to their successors in the old school? As so often in the past we have been tremendously impressed with the almost universal esteem and affection in which the Latin School is held by those who have gone forth from her portals. And we are quite inclined to agree with him among them who declared that this extraordinary devotion on the part of our alumni, a devotion which transcends the sentimental recollections of "our silly school days" so often advanced as proofs of graduate endearment to secondary schools, may be imputed "to common subjection to distinctive standards of scholarship and discipline" which all Latin School boys have undergone.

* * * * *

JAMES A. GALLIVAN

It is fitting that in the Alumni Number we should pay homage to one of Latin School's favorite sons, recently deceased. With the deepest regret we write of the passing of Congressman James Ambrose Gallivan, '84. His death has robbed the nation of a man who possessed the qualities of leadership.

The esteem in which he was held by the state is best expressed in the words of President Coolidge: "He was sincerely devoted to the interests of his district and his state, and his passing is a real loss to the Commonwealth."

A Historic Document

By William P. Henderson '84

In the glass case near the middle of the front wall of the Latin School library there is a document on whose few square inches may be read many pages of French history. Miss Burgess, unearthed it and gave it much fruitful study. It is discolored with age, for it dates back nearly one hundred forty years. Its two large red seals are cracked, but the words stamped on them so long ago can still be clearly made out. The ribbon is faded, but the blue and red, of old the colors of the city of Paris, are still plain. There is even a narrow strip of white; the tri-color of modern France was blended when the white was added to the red and blue soon after the event commemorated by our document.

That event was the storming and fall of the Bastille, July 14, 1789. And the document is one of the *brevets* awarded to the "Conquerors of the Bastille." Lists were made of those who had led in the attack; subscriptions were opened; each of these "Bastille Heroes" received a uniform and weapons suitably engraved, and each received one of these *brevets*. The "Conquerors" formed an association, as Carlyle tells us. "A body of Bastille Heroes, tolerably complete, did get together;—comparable to the Argonauts; hoping to endure like them. But in little more than a year, the whirlpool of things threw them asunder again and they sank. So many highest superlatives achieved by man are followed by new higher, and dwindle into comparatives and positives."

The name of our "Conqueror", with the date and place of his birth, are written into our document. The signatures below the text are full of interest: "Cholat the wine-merchant", "half-pay Elie", and the rest. When the great clock of the Bastille had ticked off four hours of that boisterous siege, at five o'clock that July afternoon, De Launay's garrison raised napkins as white flags. "Our terms of surrender," they said,

"are pardon, immunity to all. Are they accepted?" It was Hulin who replied "Foi d'officier!" It was a pity that his promise could not be kept. When the seven released prisoners were carried shoulder high through the city seven heads on pikes went with them.

We have traced all but one of the signatures; each has its story. These stories must wait till the *Register* opens its pages to me again; as must also the story of the great key of the fortress, and how it lay later on George Washington's hall table. The clock, too, has its story; and the stones of the thick walls, some of these stones trodden daily by the feet of Paris, have theirs. All these things may wait, but one small space on our *brevet* speaks too loudly to be passed by. On the column to the right of the document is a medallion originally containing the triple pledge: the Law, the Nation, the King. The first two are still there, the third has been scratched out.

Unhappy King Louis made three forced appearances before the Paris crowd; the ribbon on our document speaks of the first, the erasure in the medallion of the last. For they made the tri-color by adding a band of white to the city's red and blue, and they put in the white to show affection for their Bourbon king. Then they stuck a huge tri-colored cockade in the king's hat and showed him on an upper balcony, while the mob joined hands and yelled to welcome the new era. "Poor Louis", says Carlyle, "has two other Paris Processions to make: one ludicrous-ignominious like this; the other not ludicrous nor ignominious, but serious, nay sublime." The last procession was on a January day of 1793, when they took the king to the guillotine in the Place de la Révolution. Here they blotted out his life; even as our "Conqueror", perhaps the very same day, scratched the king's title from his precious paper.

'Tis Sixty Years Since

By Hosea B. Morse '70

On a bright and sunny morning of September in the year of Grace Eighteen hundred and sixty-six a small boy might have been seen—so would have begun a novel by a writer who in those days shared with Oliver Optic all that small boy's admiration; but as the readers of this narrative will not have heard of G. P. R. James and his solitary horseman, I had better begin again.

On a bright and sunny morning in September, 1866, I (for I was that small boy) made my way from the Boston & Maine depot in Haymarket Square along Union Street as far as Dock Square, and then up until I reached the northern end of Washington Street—Hold on! The Boston & Maine is in the North Station; in fact it is the North Station; and even if it were in Haymarket Square, Washington Street runs right down to it. Wrong again. This was in 1866. The Boston & Maine depot was in Haymarket Square; and on Causeway Street, where the North Station now is, were the depots of the Fitchburg R. R., the Eastern R. R., and the Boston & Lowell R. R., all swallowed up by the devouring Boston & Maine. And Washington Street at its northern end ended at the eastern end of Court Street where it ran down to Cornhill. And Washington Street used to be Queen Street before 1776, and State Street used to be King Street. Well now perhaps you will let me get on.

I then went along Washington Street from its extreme northern end—any remarks?—past the lower end of School Street (which used to be School Lane, where the first free public school in Boston, the Boston Latin School, was founded in 1635); past the Old South

Church, still a meeting house in 1866, the New Old South Church not having yet been built; past the small dry-goods store of Jordan & Marsh, until I came to Bedford Street. Then I turned down toward the harbor, and there, on the south side, was the Boston Latin School of that day, sharing a four-story dark granite building with the English High School. We had the eastern side, and the English High the western side, each school having two rooms on each of three floors, but on the top story we had the whole of the street front, while the E. H. S. had the whole of the back.

I lived in Medford; so did Charley Green (you will know him better as Dr. Charles M. Green, M. D., Professor Emeritus, etc.,) and we used to come in to school by train. There was a line of horse cars from Medford Square to Boston, but it was too slow and uncertain; the train brought us in twenty minutes to Haymarket Square, all going well, and we had at least fifteen trains a day. The school course was six years, but Green and I short circuited this and, with a dozen or more others, were getting through in four years. This class in its first year, 1866—7, was in the large class-room on the top floor, together with the First Class, glorious giants of eighteen or nineteen years of age, some of them with incipient moustaches forming a faint line on the upper lip, who were to be the class of 1871 in college. The First class sat at the eastern side of the room facing west, and we at the south side facing the street and the dais on which sat the two masters, our special teacher, Mr. Paine, and that dread figure, the headmaster, Dr. Francis Gardner, L. L. D. When we came in our turn to be the First

Class, we sat on the south side facing north.

We had no special teachers, for each language or each science, but each class had one teacher for all purposes; and during my four years in the school, in my first three years I was under Mr. Paine, then under Mr. A. M. Gay, Mr. Moses Merrill and Mr. "Cudjo" Capen (dear old Cudjo), but in what order I really forget; then, when we were the First Class, we were directly under Dr. Gardner. When we short-cutters entered the regular classes, I forget, but I think it was at the end of my first year; whichever year it was Charley Green and I worked together through the whole of the summer vacation getting up the first book of Xenophon's *Anabasis* (I took a look at it, my old school volume, yesterday and read the first page right through *without a lexicon*), as we had to pass an examination in it before we could enter the superior class. I remember that Charley passed with flying colors, but when I had construed, Dr. Gardner turned to our class master with a grim look on his face—"I thought you said he was one of your bright boys." It is fortunate that against that I have the fact that in 1870 he advised my father to send me to Harvard; and in 1874 when consulted on my qualifications for an appointment in China, he gave it as his opinion that "You could not get a better man." That is my patent of nobility.

The school hours were from nine to two. We had an intermission of twenty minutes in the middle of the session, when the five junior classes played (!) in the narrow yard paved with bricks, almost too crowded to walk through; but the lordly First Class had half an hour, with the privilege of going up West Street to the Common to play football, on honor not to diverge or to

enter shops on the way. Baseball was just being invented then, and I think it was in 1867 or 1868 that the Harvard College nine beat the Boston Redstockings on Boston Common.

Doctor Gardner! A great man! His Latin Dictionary was already displaced by Andrews, but in the interval it won him his L. L. D., from Williams, though his A. B. and A. M. were from Harvard. A brown, leathery, rugged face that looked as if it had been chopped with a hatchet out of a chunk of old salted beef; his speech also rugged and abrupt; he was terrifying to the small boys in the lower classes, but by the time we reached the dignity of the First Class and came directly under his tuition and discipline every boy in the class loved and honored and revered him; for he did not talk at us, he talked to us. One day he said he wished to find a copy of a book—I will not give its name, it was a naughty book—for the sake of one saying by its subject: "Never Tell a lie when you can be found out." A copy was found in a second-hand store and brought to him the next day; he deposited it on the top of a bookcase behind his desk, and when ever he thought he had reason to suspect that a boy had departed in the slightest degree from the truth, he would silently point backwards and upwards without a word. At the end of our course we were the most truthful class that ever graduated from the Boston Latin School, present company not excepted, for every one of us would sooner have cut off a finger than have done or said anything to cause pain to the Doctor. Alas there are only four of us left—myself, Charley Green, Ned Sears and Fred Cunningham. (Harry Grant died only last year)—and I grieve to think what fate will befall the world when such a volume of truth shall have departed from it.

A Few Dreams

By Robert G. Wilson '10

As Editor-in-Chief, eighteen long years ago, of the oldest school paper in the United States, it was personally very gratifying to me during the past month to receive a letter from the old school with a suggestion that I might wish to contribute a short article for the annual Alumni Number of the Boston Latin School *Register*. Eighteen years is a long time and yet it seems only a year or two ago that I spent many an hour planning the next issue of the *Register*, filling yawning gaps with short stories and articles of my own, and wondering whether anyone, except myself and a proud mother, ever read the finished product,—or should I say the *completed* product,—after all. I remember to this day that fateful recess period in September, 1906, when I slipped my initial offering, "The Tangle at La Genetiere," signed "Argo," into a room reporter's desk, and the none too optimistic thrill with which I awaited the October issue. For "Argo" to me symbolized a modern Jason, stepping out rather gingerly on an untried path; and four years later I was still "Jason" when I submitted my offering in competition for the Gardner Prize.

The history of the oldest school in America has more than vindicated the wisdom of a great public school for boys only, instructed by men teachers exclusively. And fortunately a splendid staff of instructors down through the years has insured preservation of the traditional standards of a great institution.

But I believe that another very wholesome factor at the Latin School has been the official encouragement of boyish competition in the class room as well as on the athletic field. At college

it is not unusual to find the student who is satisfied to "get by" and the classmate to whom college is merely an environment for four years. At B. L. S. just "getting by" has somehow never seemed to be the "smart" thing to do.

That might be because survivors of one year at the school have learned that the boy who "gets by" finally doesn't! But as a matter of fact the average boy entering the Latin School somehow *senses* something almost at the very *outset*. It is far from all work and no play, and yet it is really work mostly and takes time and conscious effort. I attribute the feeling to a certain fine spirit of boyish competition; it is Latin School Spirit.

I never sought classification as a "greasy grind." During the three first years a "Modern Prize" was all that fell to my lot; I never ventured on the prize declamation platform until my senior year,—and then regretted the years that I had missed. I went out for such athletics as physically I might be suited for; incidentally I have never missed an annual Latin-English Thanksgiving game since 1906. Yet there was always the school spirit of competition in studies. Strengthened as it was by the weekly approbation cards, by annual prizes for excellence in the classics or modern studies or declamation, encouraged by the recognition of the Gardner and the Derby prizes, and by award of Franklin Medals, yet prize or no prize the average boy at the Latin School felt himself a part of a great tradition which must be upheld and had no desire to be marked as the drone in the hive.

I take justifiable pride in a college degree and a Law School degree from

one of the world's most famous universities, but as "Penny",—more formally known as Mr. Pennypacker,—often put it, "the man I see in the mirror when I shave in the morning assures me" that the four best and most instructive years of my life were at the Boston Latin School. I repeat, it is an institution; nothing can touch it. Those are the impressions of a man

eighteen years out of the school.

Very frankly I had intended to do more than wax reminiscent and doubtless my personal impressions as a member of the Boston City Council for the past few years might have proved a more likely and enlightening subject. But when a Latin School boy once again hears the name of the old school he dreams dreams. You'll do it.



Alumni Notes

1871. Morton Prince, Professor of Abnormal and Dynamic Psychology in Harvard, is the subject of a recently published book entitled "Morton Prince and Abnormal Psychology."

1894. At the completion of thirty years' service in the national guard of the commonwealth and as a public official, a banquet was recently held in honor of Maj.-Gen. Edward L. Logan, one of Alma Mater's most distinguished sons. Many leading men gathered to pay him their respects.

1895. James Aloysius Reilly, a Boston physician, died on March 16, 1928.

1898. Dr. Edward J. Denning has been appointed chief of the medical department of Carney Hospital, South Boston. He has also been professor of Medicine at Tufts College medical school.

1900. The Rev. Abbot Peterson is the chairman of the school committee in the town of Brookline.

1902. Archibald T. Davison, Professor of Music in Harvard, is giving a series of lectures on "Folk Songs" in Huntington Hall.

1906. Austin W. Cheever of Boston

is the corresponding secretary of the New England Botanical Club, Inc.

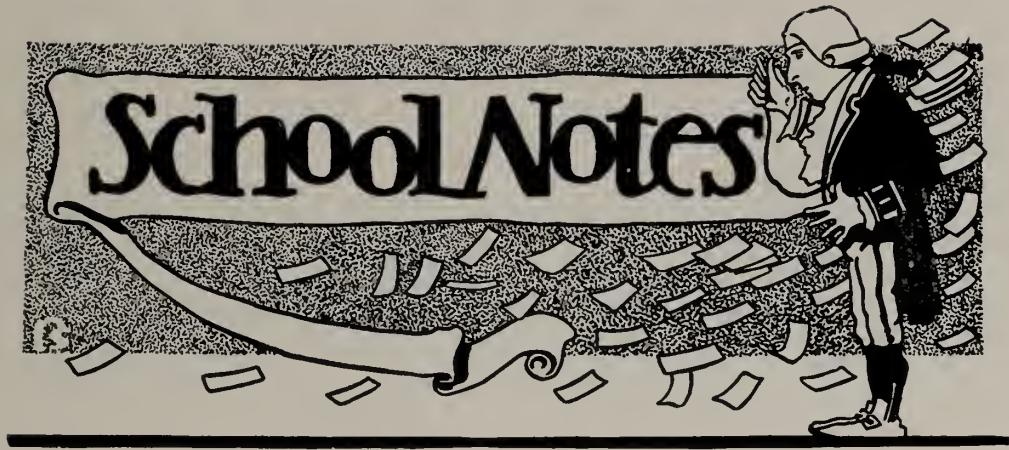
1906. John P. Buckley of Charlestown was named a member of the investigation committee in the case of Attorney-General Reading.

1909. The Rev. Henry H. Crane, minister of the Centre M. E. Church of Malden, recently debated with Judge Lindsey at Symphony Hall on the question "Shall Companionate Marriage be Made Legal?". Dr. Crane upheld the negative view, and, by unofficial ballot, won the victory.

1911. Philip J. Bond and Wilfred F. Kelley have been appointed principals of summer review high schools.

1915. Robert P. Casey, Assistant Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religions at the University of Cincinnati, has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for the preparation abroad of critical editions of the texts of St. Athanasius of Alexandria "*De Incarnatione*" and of Titus of Boston "*Contra Manichalos*."

1917. Roy E. Larsen is the circulation manager of "Time," a popular weekly newsmagazine.



On March twenty-fourth, the Latin School debating team journeyed to Exeter, N. H., for the debate with Phillips Exeter Academy. On the team were A. P. Levack '28, J. Sawyer '28, A. Isenberg, '28, and D. M. Sullivan '29, alternate. They were accompanied by Mr. Roland, the debating director of Jamaica Plain High School, Rubin '28, and Gilmartin '27 of last year's debating team. The subject, as at Groton, was "Resolved: that the Philippine Islands be granted complete and immediate independence."

The affirmative argument presented by the Latin School team was essentially the same as that of the Groton debate.

The Exeter debaters, all seniors, were W. M. Fenn, R. B. Mather, and C. F. Bragg. Fenn took the rebuttal for Exeter, and Isenberg was in rebuttal for our school.

The judges chosen by Exeter were: C. W. Kempt of Kingston, N. H., Rev. J. W. Dixler of Exeter, N. H., and Supt. C. A. Towle of Exeter. Dr. J. A. Tufts of Exeter presided.

The Exeter debaters were clearly outclassed by the Latin School team in the main speeches, and Isenberg eclipsed Fenn in rebuttal. The judges rendered a decision of two against one in favor of the affirmative.

Latin School claims the New England High School debating club championship, not having received an adverse decision in four years. The Exeter debate was the Latin School team's twelfth consecutive victory.

* * *

A gentleman who announced his desire to be called "Happy" by all and sundry persons strode onto the platform one bright Monday morning, proceeded to explain the advisability of washing one's face, told several jokes, and then strode off. From his lecture we gathered that the chief cause of the complete standstill of human progress during the thousand years that followed the fall of Rome was the absence of good plumbers. This is, at any rate, a unique and novel theory of medieval civilization. "Happy" also improved upon even the most advanced of the evolutionists by describing in detail and with great pathos how *pithecanthropus erectus* took his first bath. If he had not neglected to mention that he deduced all this information from a finger nail found in a Java pit, we might have called in Dr. G. K. Chesterton to debate the matter with him. However, Mr. Happy's success in making a *clean* subject interesting augurs ill for activities in book and stage censorship.

The Literary Club had as guest-speaker on April 2 Mr. Henry T. Schnittkind of the Class of '06, who is publisher of *The Stratford Journal* and editor of an annual college anthology of verse. Mr. Schnittkind chose to speak about those of his favorite modern authors who best illustrate present tendencies in the various branches of literature. Van Loon, Erskine, Robinson, Santayana, Millay, Cabell, Steele, Dreiser, Lewis, and Johnson were briefly discussed. Mr. Schnittkind sought not to pronounce any detailed judgment upon any of them, but simply to give a few of his impressions of each. The keynote of his lecture was the keynote of modern literature: revolution.

The other meeting of the month was devoted to a short talk by Mr. Marson upon the Celtic Renaissance and the reading of one of the one-act plays of Lady Gregory.

* * *

George W. Cashman, '28 has emerged the victor from the tournament which has been conducted by the Chess Club. The nearly as successful warriors were Benjamin Halpern, Simeon J. Domas, and Ezekail L. Clark, all of '28.

* * *

Mr. Carl Spenser, president of the Home Savings Bank, delivered an address to the upper classes Monday April 2. Mr. Spenser's subject was thrift through the agency of savings banks, co-operative banks, and insurance. He briefly traced the history of Massachusetts savings institutions, explained the fundamental purposes of the savings bank, and outlined the manner in which the bank's funds are invested.

* * *

The two boys who represented Latin School in this year's League of Nations

examination contest were John F. Ellsbree and Arnold Isenberg, both of the First Class.

* * *

This year again there were two sets of Washington—Lincoln exercises. The lower classes occupied the assembly hall during the morning. Harry Sher-shevsky '30 read a paper on Washington. Joseph Carter '30 read a paper on Abraham Lincoln. Robert B. Buckley, president of Class I, read Washington's Farewell Address. Musical selections were rendered. The papers read at the upper class exercises, written by Peter H. Kozodoy, William E. Harrison, and Arnold Isenberg, all of Class I, were published in last month's *Register*. Following the exercises an exhibition drill was held in the drill hall. Drum Major Egan led the Drum Corps in a number of manoeuvres, and the companies of Captains Robert B. Buckley, Bernard Abramson, Felix F. Talbot, and Edward Ronan performed the manual of arms, calisthenics, and company movements variously.

With the approach of Prize Drill there are at least three companies in each regiment prominently mentioned for first prize. The review on Class Day gave no indication of the respective ability of each unit.

* * *

The Junior Debating Club will meet its first great obstacle this year when it engages the Boston College High School Freshman Team in a debate April 29, 1928, 3:00 P. M. in B. C. H. S. Hall. The question is, Resolved: That the Philippine Islands be granted their immediate and absolute independence.

The Latin School Juniors will uphold the negative side of the question. As far as we know, the team which will meet B. C. H. has not been chosen as yet.

An Advisory Opinion

By Waldron H. Rand Jr., '94

When I received from the Editor-in-Chief of the *Register* an invitation to contribute an article to this Alumni Number I hesitated. To tell the truth it seemed nearer a "sentence" than an "invitation." My memory is still keen of those days in the 90's when in the old Warren Avenue School Building my efforts in the line of English Composition were made the subject of entirely justifiable—but none the less humiliating—criticism by the instructors. These criticisms were not so severe as to induce in me any state of inferiority complex. The aforesaid instructors were too wise to cause any such evil result. Nevertheless the association of ideas upon receipt of the invitation brought a slight but inevitable reaction—a momentary pause—a leaning towards the corner of prudence. Yet this feeling passed. A touch of pride came to my help. Came also the thought that there is no such great gulf between "grad" and "undergrad" and that you would understand and deal leniently with whatever I might offer—whether in the *reminiscent*, the *expository*, or the *didactic* form suggested by your Editor-in-Chief in his letter.

When all is said and done the Boston Latin School was a great institution long before my "undergrad days"—it was a great institution when I was a student there—and it is a great institution now in your day. Its traditions are all ours—passed down to us through the years—for old and young—for "grad" and "undergrad" to aid in upholding and in perpetuating in every way. That is one reason why I do not shirk this task of sending you "undergrads" a greeting from "the flaming 90's."

One thing I can prophesy for you all,—that as the years pass you will find your school traditions and your school day memories becoming dearer and dearer to you until mayhap the time arrives when you also realize with a slight start that you have attained sufficient of age to be yourself asked to contribute an article to the annual Alumni Edition of the Boston Latin School *Register*. When that event does occur I gamble you will experience the same tug, and will make the same resolve to write something, however irrelevant and inapplicable it may prove.

Moreover, you will be then surprised to realize that what you as an old "grad" value greatly about your school and college is not alone the technical things of learning, but the friendships and associations you made, and the personalities you met and were influenced by—both teachers and students.

Learning has its technique and its atmosphere. Technique is the base, but atmosphere is the crown of all learning—of all knowledge—and it is from the personalities of those with whom we study that we get this latter. As I bring back in memory the teachers under whom I sat in the Latin School, and the boys with whom I worked and played, I realize how fortunate was the setting. That setting is now yours to perpetuate and to improve. Make the most of it—get all that you can out of the school just as you stand ready to give all you can to it.

If there is one thing that comes back to me now with redoubled force as I look over those years spent in the Latin School it is this—the value of specialization. Follow some one line of study, follow some one line of play, so that you

may excel in such—not alone for the sake of being better than others, but for the inner satisfaction one gains from doing especially well something worthwhile. I name "play" as well as work in which a choice should be made. Play counts as well as work. It is never wise to be one-sided. All work and no play has its inevitable result.

And in this matter of play, or athletic sport, let me in closing offer a suggestion which I feel is well worth your consideration. At least it has proven of value to many whom I know. Give the same thought to your choice of athletics that you do to your line of studies. Size up carefully the different sports and your likings and capabilities in each. Then choose. But in making your choice bear this well in mind. In your sport, as in your study, you are preparing for a future. It would smack of inefficiency for you to devote your energies to a line of study which you expect utterly to ignore in later years. In like degree it is wise to choose in the line of athletics something that you can enjoy and make use of in later years. The so-called major sports are fine. The school and college teams are splendid. Go out for them, and do your best to make them. They teach disci-

pline and co-ordination of effort. Yet always bear this in mind. After you have finished your schooling—when you have gotten into the traces of your life work and settled down to plug, your opportunity for continuing your athletic activities in the major branches of team sports will practically cease. Then will be the time when you will begin to appreciate at their true values, the hours spent by you in school and college in learning to excel in some form of athletics that does not call for team mates and team opponents. Take for example, swimming, tennis, rowing, skating, horseback riding, golf. Some of these will sound very mature diversions to you, I well realize. Yet if you learn to swim well—skate well, or to do well any of these individual sports, you will always in the years to come find an opportunity to enjoy them and you will thereby keep in proper physical condition to labor efficiently at your chosen task.

Therefore, make a hobby of some line of study or research—make a hobby of some sport, some physical recreation that you can enjoy by yourself, or with some one or two others. You will never regret it.

The School of the Early '70's

By Charles Stoddard Lane '76

When the request came last December from the editor of the Latin School *Register* that I should contribute something for the Alumni Number to be issued in April, the date was so far in the future that it seemed an easy thing to make the promise. Now that the day approaches when the editor will be, very politely of course, clamoring for copy, it does not seem quite so

easy and I almost wish I had been a little less compliant. It is something the way that an examination, which the school boy knows perfectly well must come, does not seem such a dreadful ordeal at the beginning of the term, but as time goes on and the Day of Reckoning draws near becomes more and more ominous and onerous. However, I must say in all frankness that the Latin

School has always meant so much to me and I have always been so proud of being a Latin School boy and have felt so deeply my indebtedness to the School that I am really glad to have the chance to say some things about the old School as I knew it in the early-'70's, even then an old School. I am just going to ramble on, jotting down some of the outstanding memories without pretending to reduce them to an orderly narrative or a serious discussion.

About the first thing that must rise before the backward gaze of one of my time when he begins to think of the School is the building itself, accurately and graphically described in the *Register* a year or two ago by my classmate, Edward Hawes, whom I recall as a pale and slender youth but unquestionably one of the most brilliant minds among us. More than once in my visits to Boston in later years I have walked down Bedford St. to see where the old building stood, where Harrison Avenue was long since cut through from Essex Street. It stands before me now, a grim, dingy, granite structure, about as forbidding in its external appearance and about as ill-adapted and ill-equipped as can be imagined. It ought to have been dismantled long before it was and the wonder is that any of us came out of it alive.

But if the School lacked pretty much everything in the way of physical equipment it did have teachers, real teachers, masters of their art, men who knew what they taught and could teach it, albeit not always in methods in accordance with present-day pedagogical theories. Always it is the man that counts. If it be true that it is personality that tells everywhere more than methods or equipment, that is supremely true of the Teacher. It is *the man* who makes the impress on you.

His personal force makes the teaching vital.

There was old Francis Gardner, Headmaster for I know not how many years, who died during my senior year at the School. I can see him yet, a gaunt, ungainly figure, in his high hat and long-tailed coat, with an old cotton umbrella under his arm, stalking ahead of the Battalion through the streets of Boston, as he always did on our days of parade. He had us all scared stiff. Not often did any boy take liberties with him; and yet some of us had just sense enough to respect his learning and to know that his bark was worse than his bite and that if we behaved ourselves halfway decently we had nothing to fear from him. Various highly colored rumors were current as to the extent of his learning and the prodigious number of languages he was familiar with. One boy, cheekier than his fellows, I could never imagine how he dared to do it, asked the old Tartar one day how many languages he knew. Gardner looked at him and he could look with eyes that fairly bored into you, and after an awe-inspiring silence said "Well, boy, making due allowance for human imperfection I can claim to have some knowledge of one language, my native English." He had a way of bursting into a classroom; that is the only word to picture his sudden and dramatic and violent entrance. He would burst into a room and before he was fairly inside the door would point his finger at some trembling wretch and shout "What's the dative case of so and so?" or some such question. Lucky the boy who was not so paralyzed with terror that he could not tell the difference between a dative case and a work of art. It was a strenuous and not altogether a pleasant process but we did learn that we'd really got to know things so that we could not

be scared out of them. There was nothing of the "impressionistic" method or the "how-to-make-things-easy" method in the vigorous regime under which old Francis Gardner brought us up.

Then there was Moses Merrill, afterwards Headmaster, our teacher in Latin. He was always dignified, exact and exacting, a rigid disciplinarian both in behavior and in scholarship but always just. I have no picturesque memories about him but I always look back with gratitude to his painstaking instruction and to the example he constantly set before us of a man wholly devoted to his work and who counted his work supremely worth while.

Then I remember Pierce, Benjamin Pierce was it not? our teacher in mathematics, a great mathematician himself by inheritance and by training. He used to make us add long columns of figures two or even three columns at a time; to set down the remainder after subtraction writing as it would be read from left to right; to multiply, by numbers of two, three or four figures without setting down any partial products. But the thing I remember most vividly about him is the way he would come into the classroom, put up some problems on the blackboard and say, "Now, boys, do them." Then he would seat himself at the desk and read the morning paper. And we did them, worked at them till we mastered them. Some finical theorists of today would say that was not teaching at all but only the method of a taskmaster. Even so, may be, but we did learn mathematics and we learned something of the far greater lesson—how to face a task and go at it with grim determination and stick to it till it was done. That was worth learning in mathematics or in life.

Then above all others, I recall gratefully and reverently Arthur Fiske, our Greek instructor, the finest teacher it

was ever my fortune to sit under in any subject in school or college or professional school. As different from those others as night from day, quiet, gentlemanly, scholarly. His voice was never much louder than a whisper but you heard it; you kept quiet in order to hear it; and you always understood what he said and knew what he meant. Often he would take the closing five or ten minutes of the hour to have us put into Greek the half dozen sentences he wrote on the board. Of course none of us could appreciate it at the time but I came to see afterwards the masterly skill and discrimination with which he shaped those sentences to illustrate the different forms and constructions which had appeared in the Greek we had just been translating into English. Every word, every tense, every turn of a phrase, was there for a purpose, to fasten in our minds by making us apply the lesson of the day. It was masterly. I am sure he must have loved Greek, to teach it so wisely and I fancy he must have loved boys to make him teach so sympathetically. And in considerable measure he made us love it also as far as it was in schoolboy nature to get some idea of the marvellous grace and flexibility of the Greek speech. Years afterwards, a year or two before his death, when he was himself Headmaster, I called on him in the Warren Ave. building and tried to tell him of the honor in which I held him as a man and my appreciation of the skilful teaching which made the pages of Xenophon and Homer living words.

Then there was the military drill, required, except for a few who could muster some satisfactory excuse. Two days in the week, studies were ended an hour earlier than usual and we raced through Chauncy Street and Essex Street (we were not allowed to go by Washington Street), to Boylston

Hall where an old army officer put us through our paces in marching and the manual of arms. Upton's Tactics was a familiar book. It was an event, one of the proudest moments of my life when Company D, of which I had the honor to be Captain, was awarded the prize as the best-drilled company at the annual Prize Drill in Boston Theatre. How those boys—and they were the smaller boys of the School for whom the cobblestone pavement was a serious proposition and the old army muskets with sawed-off barrels and awkward equipment—how they marched back from the Theatre to the Drill Hall up Washington Street like veterans, their alignment perfect, every gun at the exact angle, every eye to the front. They had won the prize, they had a reputation and nothing could make them waver that day. It would take too long and would be too personal to tell the story in detail, but that military drill has played a large part in my life. I can trace directly, not as a mere sequence but as definite cause and effect, *non post hoc sed propter hoc*, the way that military drill and the winning of that prize shaped my life. I can see clearly now how that was one of the factors which led to my becoming a Christian minister, and determined my marriage, and how every stage of my lifework as a minister is linked with those old drill days. And when I recall some of these things I am not half so much disturbed as some people think we ought to be by the fear that military training in school or college will make us a bellicose or an imperialistic people.

It is a strange experience, and in some ways a little shocking, for one who still boasts of some measure of physical vigor to be faced with the proposition that having graduated 52 years ago he ought to put down some of his

memories for the benefit of the younger generation. I want to say this, that I have never ceased to be proud of being a Latin School boy. It was there in that dingy, forbidding, unsanitary and probably unsafe building that I gained the solid foundation for whatever scholarship I have been guilty of. It was there that there came to me, I do not remember so much direct instruction on such subjects, but something which permeated and vitalized the teaching, which gave me a sense of the glory of genuine manhood that will be always true and strong and fine. It was there I began to get a grip on the profound philosophy of life that there are some things which just must be learned and some things which must be done whether they are hard or easy and whether we like them or not. That is what education is, is it not? As Nicholas Murray Butler puts it: "An educated man is a man who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it whether he wants to do it or not."

And along with it all, giving new meaning and new beauty, was the School itself, the shining record of the men who had gone before us and had gone out from the School to do the work of men as scholars, preachers, authors, statesmen, men of affairs, so that the Roll of Latin School Graduates was almost a history of Boston and of Massachusetts. It was a great thing for a boy in his early teens to begin to realize and to feel himself a part of it. I can wish nothing better for the Latin School boys of today than that the School may mean to them something of what it has meant to me and that their lives may be the richer and stronger because they feel these decades and generations back of them so that they carry on the noble history and the fine traditions of the old School.

Latin School Memories

By Henry W. Prescott '92

Looking back over thirty-six years and more is not always very exhilarating, but as I try to recall the distant period 1888-1892 I can discern only pleasant happenings in those schoolboy days. The strange thing is that names of classmates only vaguely remain in my mind, and a name that does survive in the memory does not usually carry with it any clear vision of face and figure. Doubtless this is caused by long absence from the East; after leaving college I passed on to the Pacific coast, and then back to the Middle West; visits to Boston have been few and brief. On the other hand the teachers of those days still stand out clearly for the most part.

I came to the Latin School as a product of a good city grammar school and for a year was under Mr. Richardson, a rigorous but kindly master of the old type. Nowadays we discuss whether we shall teach the imperfect tense of the subjunctive on Wednesday or Thursday, in October or in May. But I well remember the simple injunction to go home and learn the active voice of *amo*; that was one day's lesson at that time, and the entire Latin verb was mastered in a week or so. I cannot say that we learned Latin as a living language, but in any case we mastered the anatomy of the dead tongue in short order and acquired habits of work which have since been profitable.

In later years we were passed on to departmental instructors. I owe to "Cudjo" Capen my ignorance of French. He was already advanced in years and the most picturesque character of the old school, with a loud bark and little bite. I think he must in time have taught all the subjects of the school curriculum, and in my day he had just drifted into French as the latest job

of the end man in the school. We never got beyond Lesson xviii of the beginners book though we covered the first eighteen lessons a dozen times in a year and a half. I think I still know my irregular verbs but I do not know French.

The portly figure of "Stuffy" Groce, who taught us English and Ancient History, is still vividly in my mind. He was much more dapper and better groomed than others, and a man of some feeling for literature. I learned to enjoy poetry under him and to appreciate the need of understanding what I read, but alas! I also learned to hate history, largely because his method drove me to commit to memory chapters of history, and the recollection is almost a nightmare. Greenville Emery, in mathematics, was well informed and in many ways an admirable teacher though more of an "easy mark" than the rest; mathematics was not my line, but it is much to his credit that he got me into college with honors although I was never competent in his subject. Mr. Jackson, in Physics, is the vaguest figure of them all, and my struggles to achieve a satisfactory laboratory record of experiments were second only to my experience in history.

The outstanding figures in those days were the teachers of classics, whose ability and influence easily surpassed the excellent qualities of other members of the staff. Probably I am one of few who have never entirely escaped the influence of the Latin School as a classical school. For forty years I have cultivated the field in which I roamed, or rather walked under rigid guidance, in those early days of the nineties. Mr. Chadwick in Latin carried us through an unusually large amount of Latin Literature; before

I reached college I had read Nepos, Sallust, Virgil's *Eclogues*, as well as the routine of the college requirements. His instruction was thorough, and his manner kindly.

But the greatest teacher and scholar of those days was Arthur Irving Fiske. It was said that he might have been a Harvard professor, if he had chosen university work. In any case as a teacher he illustrated very well what can be accomplished by methods of the early days. I no longer wholly approve of the system. Both Latin and Greek were mechanically taught with little thought of the fact that a language, to be really understood, must be understood as units of thought in the order of the sentence, and not as a Chinese puzzle by juggling individual words. In the three years of Greek we never had a lesson longer than twenty-five lines, and nothing in the way of grammar or vocabulary escaped attention. Mr. Fiske's little black book contained everything that he was to say, every story he had to tell, every written exercise that was to be given daily. Occasionally we stole a look at it and learned beforehand the story that was coming during the hour. His voice was never raised above a whisper and no such thing as misconduct was ever thought of. He commanded perfect attention, and the highest respect and affection.

Every period concluded with a five-minute written exercise, and woe betide the man who placed a Greek accent a sixteenth of an inch to the right or left of a Greek vowel; it must be just over the vowel or we lost half of one credit! Once every month was "sight passage day", and it was the festal day of the month. This exercise counted far more than any other single exercise, and all the work of the preceding month was aimed to amass vocabulary for that test. I doubt if

any teacher of those days appreciated as he did the essential value of vocabulary as contrasted with mere grammatical rules. Yet even he taught Greek as a Chinese puzzle. Nevertheless accuracy, thoroughness, habits of work were firmly impressed upon us. And with all, the personality of the man was the dominant feature; his still small voice, emaciated scholarly figure, the light of true humanism in his kindly twinkling eye, are the most vivid memories of those days that I cherish now.

Perhaps today such memories of teachers and of things intellectual may seem uninteresting. There were, of course, other activities. Afternoons we went a long distance, to what is now known as the Fenway, and played ball till suppertime, and we were as much interested in the success of our teams as boys of today. Military drill was an alluring subject to many, and the boyish mind appreciated then, as doubtless now, the gold trimmings of uniforms, and the bright eyes of feminine admirers. Probably because I have remained in the scholastic field, and in the field of classical study, my memories are of teachers and of classrooms. The *Latin School Register* was even then in existence and fairly flourishing. I well remember my satisfaction when as literary editor, I gathered in seventy-five dollars as my share of the profits of the paper for the year; I hope the income has increased in proportion at least to the cost of living.

Experiences later have brought me into contact with half a dozen different institutions, but I can quite honestly testify that my deepest sentiments of affection and of respect are for the good old school. And it is pleasant to observe that it still maintains its high standards as measured by the work of its products in Harvard College.

Greek in the Latin School

By Winthrop P. Tryen '88

Greek was my favorite study, when I attended the B. L. S., and it still is. In the eighties, Greek was one of the best taught subjects in the whole curriculum; one of the most eagerly pursued, too, by the boys. Though it was beginning to lose regard in America generally as something indispensable to the educated man, it held its own at the Latin School. It has continued to keep a place in my affections, notwithstanding the enticement of all those new fields of art and science that investigators and publishers have within the past forty years released to everybody's cultivation.

About the time I reached the end of my 'teens, the youth of the United States started an awful rebellion against the Old Man of Greek literature, as an intellectual tyrant, and against the Young Man as a boss of their brains. Before I fairly finished my twenties, they had pulled the first off his throne and had mobbed the second out of the shop. In credit to myself, I may boast of having taken no part in the expulsion of the King. But truth to confess, I did join in the rough-house of the Bully.

Now I had, really, no love for Homer; for in spite of the good instruction I received at school, and later at college, I never got an especially exciting impression of the Iliad or the Odyssey. On the other hand, I had no dislike of Xenophon. I only resented certain matters of so-called learning, which I had been compelled to associate with his Anabasis.

But Greek, I said, was my favorite study at the B. L. S., and still is. That happens, let me illustrate after the manner of travel. At the decade of the nineteenth century that corresponds to ours of the twentieth, people were travelling in stage-coaches. They enjoyed the informality and the sociability of them, and they hated the discomfort and obtrusiveness of them. When the four-horse vehicles were replaced by engine-drawn trains of cars, everybody was delighted. Good-bye forever, stage-coach! So in 1900, the young folks bade good-bye forever to Greek.

And yet, the farewell was not forever in the first case; for lo! the stage-coach returns all glorious in the long-distance bus. We are on the road again, fifty miles, instead of fifteen, from station to station, Homer, I am sure, and Xenophon, will come back though not the same. They will have rid themselves, I hope, of that hill-tugging, mire-floundering scholarship, which has nothing to do with the hero, Achilles, nor with the man, Cyrus, but only with some pedantic Alexandrian, or some more pedantic interpreter of him who lived mayhap in Renaissance, mayhap in modern days. Greek, indeed, is my favorite study. I undertook, last summer, a review of the Odyssey; and having picked up my text at odd times, I am now on the fourteenth book. Whoever wishes to work at Homer by way of doing homage to Aristarchus may do so. I read his plain-talking sailor yarns for fun.



Reminiscences Of B. L. S.

By Frederick W. Faxon '85

As I see the great size of my Alma Mater today, its large corps of teachers, its new building, I marvel at the growth of this school in less than five decades, or since those six happy and profitable years I spent as a pupil in it.

In 1879 we entered school as a six-year class, there having been an eight-year course previously. Our class-room was in a dingy brick building on Harrison Avenue, not far from the Bedford Street School which was not big enough to accommodate all lower classes. After one year, however, we moved to the four-story stone building on Bedford Street which, like its successor on Warren Avenue, was shared jointly with the English High School. This school-house is now gone, torn down when Harrison Avenue was extended. I well remember this old building, set back from the street; our entrance was on the east side, and the yard was all around with three trees on the Bedford Street front, the only ones anywhere in that neighborhood.

We had military drill on Mondays and Fridays, from one to two, under Gen. Hobart Moore, in the hall above the old Boylston Market (Washington and Boylston Streets). I always looked forward with pleasure to drill days, serving from a private in the rear rank up through Corporal and Sergeant to Captain.

In 1879 we had Julius Eichberg once a week as instructor in Music. He tried our voices and selected those boys for the class whom he thought worth teaching. Then there was a supervisor of drawing, Lucas Baker; and in French, Philippe de Senancour helped Mr. Capen teach. "Cudjo" Capen was one of the oldest teachers and

thousands of boys will long remember him and the way he tried to keep order, only to find his classes getting more and more unruly. We used to greet him with "Bon jour, Monsieur" as he came into the room for the French hour. This soon was corrupted to something like "Ben jewer, Monseer" and he forbade us to greet him—opening the door quickly and shouting "You may all come to order" before we had time to speak.

We were one of the first classes to have free textbooks. There were three ways to get books, (a) purchase by parents, (b) pay the city and receive the books at the storeroom in the school, (c) get them free if too poor to pay. Most of us used plan "b", and kept our books permanently.

There were two divisions of class V necessary, as both VI and VII were promoted to V. So all the names were put in alphabetical order and the divisions made by assigning the first name to Division A, the second to B, and so on to the end of the alphabet.

In military drill, however, the companies were made up by lining up all the boys by height around the hall, and making up Company A from the 32 tallest fellows, and so down to the "pony" Company F of tiny tots. We had six companies in our Battalion my first two years, and seven the rest of the time.

In the Bedford Street building the hall occupied the full length on the front on the top, or fourth, story. At one end was the marble "alma mater" statue, bearing on her shield the names of alumni who died for their country in the Civil War. In this hall were the public declamations, the audience being

seated on long settees, but not all the school could be accommodated here at once.

One of the events still fresh in my memory was the celebration, on September 17, 1880, of the settlement of Boston, with its monster parade. Volunteers were sought as escort to the "Old school boys of 1830," and right royally did we kids enjoy that march, the crowds, the decorations, but especially the refreshments given out during halts and later from a tent on the Common.

When school closed for the Christmas recess of 1880 we all took our books home as we were to return at New Year's to the new and palatial building on Warren Avenue. The impression made on us by the new building, with its marble-tiled, sunny corridors, was such that we at first instinctively removed our hats on entering the outer door. The big drill hall, and over it the gymnasium, were wonderful, the classrooms so bright and airy, the new desks smooth. The Bedford desks had been so cut up by generations of wood-carving boys, one could not write upon a paper laid on them. The new desk tops were so highly finished that our teachers made us put something under our paper that the pencil might not mar the polish. In Bedford Street the yard surrounded the school, in Warren Avenue the school enclosed the yard. The new exhibition hall at Warren Avenue would take the whole school at once, and still leave room for friends on declamation days.

The officers of the Battalion (first class boys) were detailed to escort the classes from their rooms to the hall on Monday mornings when Dr. Moses Merrill opened the day with Scripture reading. On our first gathering here in the new building "Moses," as we called him behind his back, told us in his stern and puritanical manner, that

he would lay down but one rule for our guidance, "Do Right!" Then he went on for fifteen minutes telling us what we could and could not do.

We had our annual prize drills on the big stage of the Boston Theatre, until Mechanics Hall was built. Our graduation exercises, prize declamations and award of prizes took place in Music Hall, now made over into Loew's Orpheum, off Winter Street.

I still treasure a shelf of books in my library which have Dr. Merrill's autograph and the name of the prize for which each was awarded me. We were told how much money our prizes amounted to, and we went to the book-stores and picked out the books we wanted up to the required amount.

In 1881 appeared the first issue of the *Latin School Register*, 50c a year, then a paper of four pages, two and two-thirds of which were text, and one and one-third advertisements. Volume 4, which was issued in our graduating year (1884-85) still had but four pages, though its size was longer by nearly two inches. The *Register* staff had \$40.00 surplus to divide among themselves at the end of school.

In 1885 we got new guns and swords, long needed, but which we had despaired of ever really seeing. This year was notable on account of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the school. The exercises were held in the drill hall, Warren Avenue, April 23rd. Our Battalion officers, in full uniform, acted as ushers. Settees for 1200 people were placed, and all seats were taken. Governor Robinson was present, also President Eliot of Harvard (an alumnus of the school), and many other notable people. Robert Grant read a poem, Phillips Brooks (a former B. L. S. boy) was orator. We felt proud to be in such a school.

On May 29, 1885, our prize drill was

held in Mechanics Hall, and a prize silk flag became my cherished possession. Then we, the officers, went in uniform to Young's Hotel where our first class dinner was held; and old '85 has never missed its yearly gathering since.

We were graduated as a class of 27 in 1885, and then there were in the whole school less than 375 pupils, and only 12 teachers. Contrast this with 1805 pupils, and 41 teachers in 1928.

During our whole course there was

hardly any change in the teaching staff of the school, and in the upper classes the teachers went from room to room each teaching his specialty, so we came to know them very well, loving some, disliking others. The names Merrill, Fiske, Capen, Groce, Chadwick, Emery, Gallagher, Jackson, Freeborn, Richardson, Strong, will always call forth a never-ending series of reminiscences whenever we old grads get together.

The Classical Education in Science

By Alfred C. Lane '73

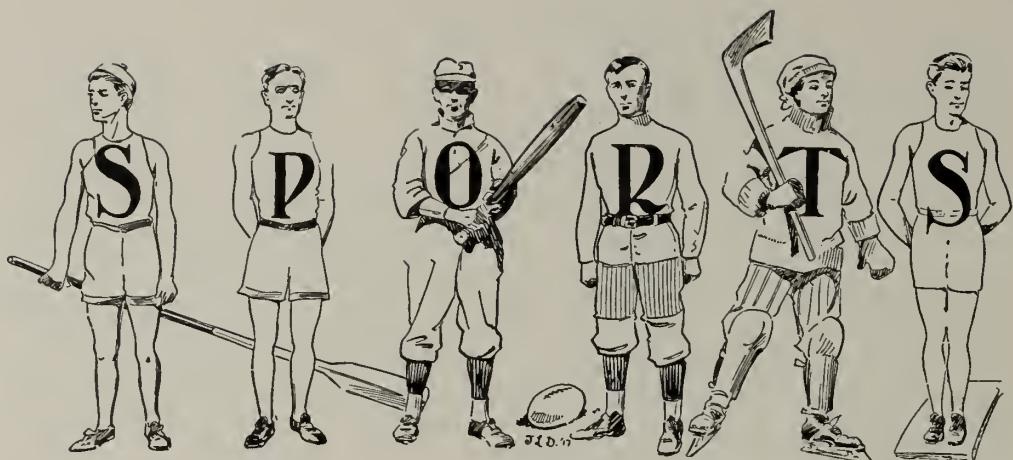
After I graduated from Harvard, I went to Heidelberg, Germany, to study with Rosenbush, the most famous petrographer of that day. He took his Ph. D. in classics, and he once said that on the occasion of a great gathering of scientific men—a *Kneip*—four of them seated around a little table found that not one of them had made his degree in the subject of which he was professor. Helmholtz was one whose change from medicine by way of optics to physics is well known. Another was Klein where the change was between chemistry and mathematics.

The name of the fourth I do not remember. Rosenbush's change was perhaps the most violent but I remember the late Professor Woodworth of Harvard, a most excellent geologist, telling me that his best students in geology were those who had a classical training.

How far this was owing to the fact that inferior students shrink classics, how far to the training itself, how far to the fact that a little knowledge of Greek makes paleontological terms like "archeopteryz," a chemical like "heramethylamine" less formidable I would not say. A knowledge of Greek is useful in understanding scientific terms as well as coining them, and the knowledge of the Greek alphabet is indispensable in mathematics. If one is not familiar with pi, he will soon be in the soup. It must not be forgotten that Greek, though a classical language, is not a dead one and I have found it useful in reading maps. It helps in Russian.

And yet the most valued use that I have had of Greek has been in reading the Greek Testament.





THE REGIMENTAL TRACK MEET

For the tenth successive year, English High School, through the efforts of her fleet-footed hordes, won the "Reggies," more than doubling the total of her nearest competitor, Dorchester. Latin finished in seventh place. The armory was filled to capacity by an enthusiastic gathering.

Our first disappointment came in the junior hurdles. Burton Tarplin, potential first place winner for Latin, through illness was unable to compete. Thus a probable five points, which would have raised us to sixth place, were lost. In this race, P. F. Murphy, ex of Latin, placed second.

Brody of Latin reached the final in the intermediate hurdles, but failed to place. Dalrymple, who but last year wore the purple, fell over the last hurdle in this race, but picked himself up, and was awarded third place.

In the senior hurdles we noted two former Latin School men.

The "176" was won in the astonishing time of 22 secs. by Perkins of Trade. Many seniors are unable to equal this time.

Jakunskas of English ran away with the "220."

The "300" saw McManus of M. A. H. S. emerging victorious.

Lanieri of E. B. broke the record in the junior dash.

Cohen of Latin reached the finals in the intermediate dash, but failed to place. This race was won by the sprinting marvel, Satchebell of Brighton, in the record breaking time of $5\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

Language fails in the attempt to describe the accomplishment of this athlete.

The record in the senior dash was equalled by McArdle of Trade in the final and by Stillman of Dorchester in his heat. Rogers of Dorchester, also ex of Latin, placed third.

The perspective of Latin assumed a rosy tint upon Murphy's toeing the mark in the "1000."

This was one of the most spectacular races of the day. Adams of English took the lead at the start with Murphy, Daly of English, Kelley of Dorchester, and Chisholm of Hyde Park following in that order. Adams still led during the second lap, with Moynahan of Brighton (ex of Latin) in second place and Kelley third. At the start of the third lap, however, Murphy had passed Moynahan and Kelley. Then Chisholm, followed by Kelley and Daly, forged into the lead. Adams again took the lead at the second corner of the

last lap, and held it for 20 yards, but at the third corner Kelley passed him as did Daly. Kelley had a scant yard over Daly, Adams was third and Murphy captured fourth place.

Hardly had we regained our equilibrium during the intermediate "six," when the senior "six" was called. Our hearts ascended and there remained till the race was over.

The start of this race saw Joe King and Paul Gorman at the mark for Latin School. Killelea of Hyde Park jumped into the lead at the start, followed by King and McClellan of M. A. H. S. On the second lap McClellan took the lead with Chisholm and King in hot pursuit. King displayed some nifty broken-field running in an attempt to take the lead throughout the entire second lap. At the gun King was in second place, McClellan leading. McClellan started flying and King flew right after him. They ran like demons, King gradually closing the gap. Words fail! They thundered down the last stretch amid the roaring of a crowd that had become suddenly insane with excitement. King reached the tape but two feet behind the Mechanics star. Gorman was in last place on the last lap, but made a fine finish and landed among the first six.

It is interesting to note that had our deserters remained at the good old school we should have been elevated to fourth place.

The fine announcing of Jimmy Kambahansy is worthy of mention here. As he emigrated from Latin to English, we may well surmise that his clear, penetrating voice was early trained in our sacred classrooms. Still another good man gone wrong!

In the field events, Captain Beveridge had a poor day, and placed only fourth. Three men tied for first. Adams placed fourth in the senior broad jump with

a leap of 9 feet, one and a quarter inches, but half an inch behind the winner of third place.

Ross took Latin's only first place, winning the junior high jump at 4 ft 7 1-4. Spotnitz put the junior shot 37 feet 11 inches to take fourth place.

* * * * *

Note: Due to error the names of J. Cohen and J. Brody were not mentioned in the account of the City Meet, reported in the March issue of the Register. Brody took fourth in the intermediate hurdles, and Cohen won third in the intermediate dash. They were the only intermediates to place for Latin. — D. M. S. '29

* * *

A NEGLECTED SCHOOL ACTIVITY

The indoor track season closed some time past at the completion of the Regimental Meet. Track is one of the three major sports. It ranks very high in importance among the sports in which this school participates. Everyone receives a chance to make good in track, and it presents the greatest opportunity for the younger boy to win his letter.

This important activity has been neglected this year at the Latin school. Although the limited support which it received from the student body was a most loyal support, nevertheless it was constituted of an almost negligible portion of our total student membership of 1800 boys.

Were you to ask the average Latin school boy what sort of track team the school had this year, his reply might be this: "Terrible." There can be no doubt that this year's team was one of the weakest, if not the weakest, ever to represent the school *post hominum memoriam*.

Were you to ask this youth why the team was poor, he would answer that all the "stars" had graduated. He would be wrong. One "star" did not

graduate. But one "star" cannot make a track team. One star never has made a track team, and one "star" never will make a track team. A track team is composed of individuals. Each man is on his own. There is no helping hand as in football, baseball or hockey. There is no one to recover fumbles, retrieve muffed throws, or receive the passed puck (or buck). *Sibi uni faciendum est.*

And how do these individuals, "stars" to-be, attain increasing ability. The answer is by hard work, amounting almost to drudgery. There is very little enjoyment in track. The joy of making a touchdown, hitting a "homer," or caging the puck is lost to track. The sole enjoyment is looking back over the race after it is done. There is no joy during the race, only effort.

The training is a matter of hard persistent work. So, perhaps, certain fellows steer well clear of track because of the labor associated to it.

Were you to interrogate this youth as to why he does not go out for track, perhaps he would reply, "I can't run." This is nonsense, as anyone who is with the use of his legs can run.

Now if the lads to whom track seems too laborious and those who "can't run" would try for the team, the team would be better to some degree, however small. If these boys were persevering they might develop into "stars". And if a sufficient number of "stars" were in evidence, we should have a good track team.

So, as soon as possible, let us all come out for outdoor track, and better our indoor record.

Here, perhaps, it is fitting to note that, at the track meets, the large portion of this student body was extremely conspicuous by its absence. The paid admissions to the meets were:

M.—C.—L.	36
D.—T.—L.	22

H. P.—L.	10
E.—L.	46
Relay Carnival	15
City Meet	61
Reggie	110
Total	300

We may well see, that if the record of the team was poor, the evidence of interest on the part of the student body was poorer. An ancient editorial bewails the fact that only 200 students witnessed the English meet of that year. Compare this with the figures herein quoted. The comparison is pathetic, and sheds a none too complimentary light on the present student body. "They won't support a poor team." Let us prove this statement to be incorrect by supporting the team. And:

COME OUT FOR OUTDOOR TRACK!

—D. M. S. '29

* * *

LATIN 97½—DORCHESTER 39½

In its swimming meet with Dorchester at Curtis Hall Latin immersed the tank-men of that school by a margin of 58 points. Latin took the senior and junior relays, made a clean sweep in the junior dive, and garnered six first places.

The summary:

SENIOR EVENTS

Freestyle—Won by Rogers (L); second, Banroff (D); third, Talbot (L) fourth, Hurlet (D). Time—1m. 17s.

Breaststroke—Won by Serkin (L); second, Myer (D); third, Fitzgerald (L); fourth, Green (D).

Backstroke—Won by Leed (D); second, Feinberg (L); tie for third, Connato (D) and Sanderson (L).

Dive—Won by Sanderson (L); second, Talbot (L); third, Neyale (D).

Relay—Won by Latin (Cummings, Munro, Cross and Salzburg).

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

Freestyle—Won by Conley (D);

second, Fitzgerald (L); third, McLaughlin (D); fourth, Dyrse (L).

 Breaststroke—Won by Marshal (L); second, Donovan (L); third, Kesser (L); fourth, Lenain (D).

 Backstroke—Won by Golden (L); second Bluhn (L); third, Wasserman (D); fourth, McDonald (D).

 Dive—Won by Bluhn (L); second, McDonald (D); third, Donovan (L); fourth, Harrison (D).

 Relay—Won by Dorchester (Conley, Marshal, McLaughlin and Hershoff).

JUNIOR EVENTS

 Freestyle—Won by Hickey (L); second, Gates (L); third, Crowley (D); fourth, Gordon (D).

 Breaststroke—Won by Konikow (L); secord, Hogan (L).

 Backstroke—Won by Zick (L); second Dixon (L).

 Dive—Won by Dixon (L); second, Zick (L).

 Relay—Won by Latin (Konikow, Hogan, Hickey and Gates).

By D. M. S. '29

* * *

LATIN 83—TRADE, 50

Our swimming team annexed another win in conquering over the Trade School swimmers at Curtis Hall.

Latin amassed the gratifying total of ten first places out of a possible fifteen.

Schafer of Latin was the individual star of the meet taking first in the junior breast stroke and tying for first in the dive.

The summary:

SENIOR

One hundred-yard free style—Won by Holland (T); second, Rogers, (L); third, Gross (L).

Fifty-yard back stroke—Won by Feinberg (L); second, Ward (T); third, Sanderson (L).

Fifty-yard breast stroke—Won by Serkin (L); second, Fitzgerald (L); third, McArdle (T).

Dive—Won by Sacochy (T); second, Sanderson (L); third, Shine (L)

 Relay race—Won by Trade (Sacochy, Fallon, Gomoski, Speck).

INTERMEDIATE

Fifty-yard free style—Won by Keeler (L); second, Stanbring (T); third Skresosky (L)

Twenty-five yard back stroke—Won by Golden (L); second, Gray (T); third, Levenson (L).

Twenty-five yard breast stroke—Won by Donnellan (L); second, Sullivan (T); third, Allard (T).

Dive—Won by Bluhm (L); second, Leader (T); third, Crawford (L).

Relay race—Won by Trade (Stanbridge, Durfee, Crawford, Coveney).

JUNIOR

Twenty-five-yard free style—Won by Carroll (L); second, Hickey (L); third, Dow (T).

Twenty-five-yard back stroke—Won by Zick (L); second, Rubien (T); third, Dixon (L).

Twenty-five-yard breast stroke—Won by Schafer (L); second, Barlett (L); third, Ryan (T).

Dive—Tie for first Schafer (L) and Rubien (T); second Calder (T).

Relay race—Won by Latin (Hickey, Zick, Barnett, Klein).

* * *

ENGLISH 90—LATIN 54

The swimming team suffered its first defeat at the hands of English High School. The English amphibians set three records. Casey, the English Captain, did 35s. in the senior breast stroke, Serkin of Latin taking third. Their senior relay set a mark of 1.55, and Gilfenbain of English went through the intermediate freestyle in 26 seconds.

Dixon took Latin's only individual first place, winning the junior breast stroke. Our junior relay triumphed over English.

The summary:

SENIOR EVENTS

One hundred-yard freestyle—Won by Brodney (E); second, Doherty (E); third, Rogers, (L); fourth, Cummings (L).

Fifty-yard backstroke—Won by Stevens (E); second, Feinberg (L); third Corbett (E); fourth, Sanderson (L).

Fifty-yard breaststroke—Won by Casey (E); second, Brewer (E); third, Serkin (L) fourth, Fitzgerald (L).

Dive—Won by Casey (E); second, Aronson (E); third, Shine (L); fourth, Sanderson (L).

Relay—Won by English (Angeloni, Brewer, Doherty, Brodney).

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

Fifty-yard freestyle—Won by Gilfenbain (E); second, Keeler (L); third, Skriesoski (L); fourth, Lynch (E).

Twenty-five-yard backstroke—Won by Osborne (E); second, Levenson (L). third, Bluhm (L); fourth, Cullen (E).

Twenty-five-yard breaststroke—Won by Gray (E); second Nezler (E); third, Kersh (L).

Dive—Won by Osborne (E); second, Bluhm (L); third, Browne (E); fourth, Cone (E).

Relay—Won by English (Browne, Cullen, Gilfenbain).

JUNIOR EVENTS

Twenty-five-yard freestyle—Won by McLaughlin (E); second, Carroll (L); third, Hickey (L); fourth, Haggas (E).

Twenty-five-yard breaststroke—Won by Kraft (E); second, Shafron (L); third, Spotnitz (L); fourth, Blangio (E).

Twenty-five-yard backstroke—Won by Dixon (L); second, Hoffman (E); third, Wyman (E); fourth, Hogan (L).

Dive—Won by McLaughlin (E) second Shaller (L); third, Goldman (E); fourth, Dixon (L).

Relay—Won by Latin (Spotnitz, Hickey, Carroll, Ross).

THE CITY SWIMMING MEET

Latin School placed fourth in the City

Swimming Meet, which was won by English with a lead of one-half a point over M. A. H. S.

The competition was very close and every winner was in doubt up to the finish line.

Two records were smashed, those of the senior breaststroke and the freestyle.

The Latin swimmers who placed were: Feinberg, 4th—senior back stroke.

Keeler, 3rd—intermediate freestyle.

Golden, 3rd—intermediate back stroke.

Schafer, 4th—junior breast stroke.

Carroll, 2nd—junior freestyle.

Hickey, 3rd—junior freestyle.

Bluhm, 2nd—senior dive.

3rd. intermediate relay, (Keeler, Golden, Bluhm, Skresoski)

2nd. junior relay, (Hickey, Carroll, Zick, Spotnitz).

—By D. M. S. '29

* * *

THE SWIMMING TEAM

A rather short and mediocre swimming season has just been completed. Our first meet was a splashing success. We trounced Dorchester High $97\frac{1}{2}$ to $39\frac{1}{2}$. The Latin vs. Mechanic Arts meet was another story and we took it on the dim to the tune of 95 to 54. When we had recovered from the shock, we decisively swamped Trade School 83 to 50. Against our traditional enemies we could accomplish but little, for English, by superior swimming, ran up a total of 90 points to our 54.

The fact that we did win half of our meets is owing to the fine work of Captain Serkin, Rogers, Salzberg, and Feinberg, in the senior division; Bluhm, Keeler, and Golden, in the intermediate division; Carroll, Hicky, Dixon, Zich, and Schaeffer, in the junior division.

The end of three days competition in the City Meet found Latin in fourth place, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. behind Commerce.

BASEBALL

With but two weeks between the close of the track season and the first game on the baseball schedule, some hard and fast practice had to be done, and as soon as the weather permitted, the Coach gave out uniforms and started work in earnest. For some time now the team has been journeying every day to Brighton for practice, and as the day for the first game draws near it seems as though Latin will be able to put a first class team on the field.

Captain "Red" Hunt, who last year did such wonderful work on the mound for Latin in the English game and in every game in which he pitched, has been somewhat bothered by a bad leg. However, he has been at practice almost every day, although unable to don a uniform. He will probably be in condition to put up his usual fine game. "Ernie" Vogel and "Bus" Flynn are also able to take their turn in the box and give a good account of themselves. All three of these pitchers are batters of no mean ability and when not on the mound they will be holding some other position in the line-up. On the receiving end of the battery will be either "Tommie" Connerton or Felix Talbot. Felix was first string last year and starred both at bat and behind the bat, being chosen at the end of the season as an all-scholastic catcher. However, as "Tommie" excels only as a catcher and is too good a ball player to be kept off the team, and as Felix can play at almost any position, the latter will probably be shifted and "Tommie" will catch. The only other one of last year's infielders who has returned is Paul McEachern, and he will probably play short-stop. Among the other letter-men who have returned are "Ed" Tracey and "Rube" Hall. They will probably occupy positions in the outfield.

Among the other players who have shown up good are Tobe, an outfielder, and Kutzer, an infielder, both of whom should see much service. "Joe" Dolan, "Billie" Adler, and "Captain" Campana also look good as infielders. "Jim" Tracey has been playing good ball in the outfield, and "Phil" Burleigh has been doing well at first base.

The coach will probably start the following team at St. Marks: McEachern, short; E. Tracey, right field; Talbot, second base; Flynn, third base; Vogel, first base; Hall, center field; Tobe, left field, Connerton, catcher; Hunt, pitcher.

* * *

LATIN 3—ST. MARKS 0

On Saturday, April 7, the team went to Southboro for its first game of the season with St. Marks. The Latin School Team played errorless ball behind the wonderful pitching of Captain Hunt, and gained a 3 to 0 victory over the private school team. "Red" took the mound, and demonstrated his ability as a pitcher by fanning sixteen of the opposing batters and allowing only four scattered hits.

Latin's first score was made by "Ed" Tracey when the St. Marks first baseman missed an easy throw from the short stop, after the latter had fielded a grounder of "Bus" Flynn's. "Fee" Talbot started on his way to break his last year's record of some twenty-five passes by securing three free tickets in this game, and the second score came as a result of one of these.

"Fee" took first on a pass, stole second, and was advanced to third by Flynn's grounder. Vogel was thrown out, but Hall singled to right field and Talbot scored. The last run was the result of a double by Vogel, followed by a single by Hall.

In the field Latin had an easy time, for "Red" kept the bases free of run-

ners and allowed hits only when they meant nothing. The entire credit for the game belongs to the Captain, for he gave nobody else a chance to do anything.

BOSTON LATIN

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>		<i>Barber, 3</i>	<i>Kinnercut, 3</i>	<i>T. Palmer, s</i>	<i>J. Hall, 1</i>	<i>Brown, r</i>	<i>Holder, lf</i>	<i>P. Palmer, cf</i>	<i>White, p</i>	<i>Morgan, lf</i>	<i>Choate, lf</i>	<i>Cook, p</i>	<i>James, p</i>				
M'Eac'ern, 3	5	1	0	0														4	0	3	2
Tracey, r	3	0	0	0														1	0	1	1
Talbot, 2	2	0	2	0														4	0	4	2
Flynn, ss	4	0	1	0														3	0	13	1
Vogel, 1	4	1	3	0														2	1	1	0
Hall, cf	4	2	2	0														1	0	1	0
Tobe, lf	4	0	1	0														2	0	1	0
Kutzer, 2b	1	0	0	0														3	0	0	3
Connerton, c	3	0	17	1														1	0	0	0
Hunt, p	3	0	1	1														1	1	0	0
Totals	33	4	27	2														0	0	0	0
	*	*	*															—	—	—	—

ST. MARK'S

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>		<i>Innings</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9					
Eno, c	2	1	1	4		Latin	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—	—	—	—
Delano, 2	4	1	2	1																

Runs, Tracey, Talbot, Vogel. Errors, Delano, Barber, T. Palmer, J. Hall. Two-base hit, Vogel. Stolen bases, Delano,

P. Palmer, Talbot, Hall 2. Base on balls, by White 8, by Cook 2, by Hunt 4.

Struck out, by Hunt 16, by James 6.

Hit by pitched ball, by White (Vogel).

Time, 1h 55m. Umpire, Dunn.



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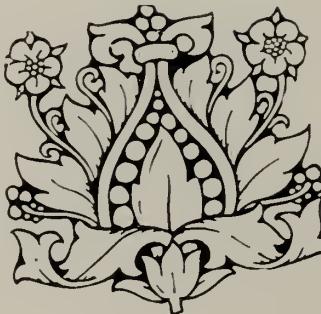
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Alfred Church Lane, A. M., Ph., D., Sc. D., was from 1883 to 1885 an instructor in mathematics at Harvard and subsequently petographer of the Michigan Geological Survey, instructor in the Michigan College of Mines, Michigan State Geologist, and Pearson Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Tufts College (since 1909.) He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a Fellow of the Geological Society of America, a member of the National Research Council, of the Association of American Engineers, of the Boston Natural History Society, of the Canadian Mining Institute, etc., etc. He is the author of *Die Korn-grosse der Auvergnosen*.





J.C.H.

From the Latin School *Literary Journal*, June 20, 1829.

NOTES

The Athenaeum's Gallery
A place of fam'd resort is;
Where ladies go to see the beaux
And beaux to see the ladies.

Where Harvard College dandies meet
To contemplate the lasses,
A formidable set, by Jove,
With specks and quizzing glasses.

Where parlour air, and kitchen air,
And every air is found;
Where country ladies and their squires
Just at this time abound.

A lounge for gentlemen at large,
And gentlemen of pleasure;
I've often wished their brains and bulk
Were shared in equal measure.

When looking round to find a seat
A wearied lady for;
If two could sit upon a bench,
'Twould not be such a bore.

But each "news-paper poet" sings
The wonders of the place;
So I'll e'en curb my Pegasus,
Nor try with them a race.

* * * * *

From the Latin School *Satchel*, April 2, 1866.

THE INNER MAN

Seek not, O man, by worldly art,
To judge thy fellow-creatures;
Thou can't not read the secret heart
By gazing on the features.

Full many a soul has past away,
Judged hardly by the world,
Because it saw but the signs that lay
Like a sail to the wind unfurled.

A MODERN INSTANCE

A festive young student named Quirk
Was not over fond of his work.
His Latin was weak
He neglected his Greek
And he smoked cigarettes like a Turk.
At the Adams House door he would lurk,
And he'd wink with his eye
When the ladies went by,
He would wink, he would smile, and he'd
smirk.

They told him he never could "pass,"
That he'd never go up with his class;
But he tossed his proud head,
And conceitedly said,
"Say, boys, do you think me an ass?
I can make up for learning with brass.
I can make a big show
And they never will know
That my gabble is nothing but gas."

He thought it was "soft" to be good,
He preferred the repute of a dude
Who was "in," with fast men;
He would drink now and then,
Until he was thoroughly "stewed."
(This wasn't by all understood,)
For he thought, "To get so,
By daylight, you know,
Is exceedingly vulgar and rude."

He drove a most beautiful horse
A bay, full of fire and force,
And within his own set
He would recklessly bet
He could "pass" everything on the
course."
His father's checque-book was the source
Of defraying the cost,
For he frequently lost.
Well — matters grew rapidly worse.

A sad failure at college he made,
And only a term or two stayed.
He then went to jail
Was admitted to bail;
But would still be in quod, I'm afraid,
Were it not for his rich father's aid.
Then a line of mishaps
Brought on a collapse,
The mischief with Shirk's fortune
played,

In ruins his air castles laid.
And now the young snob
Is in search of a job
By which a few cents can be made,
For he's neither profession nor trade,
Which is really too bad,
For he and his dad
Profess to be friends of *Free Trade*.

STANZAS

I saw a monarch die,
In royal state he lay;
Abbots and cowled monks were nigh
For the parting soul to pray;
I watched his brow and anxious eye,
It seemed as if he feared to die.

I saw a warrior fall
On the field of his earliest fame;
Around were gathered all
Of high and knightly name;
He grieved, alas! to die before
The sunny days of youth were o'er.

I saw a martyr die,
Fast fettered to the stake,
Oh he were free, if heresy
He would alone forsake;
But no! be bade them fire the pile,
And died 'mid tortures with a smile.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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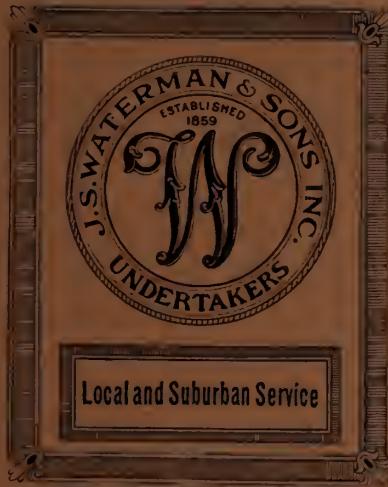
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